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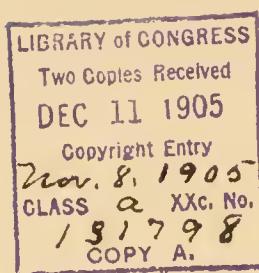
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HISTORICAL
SKETCHES
OF
GREENWICH
IN
OLD COHANSEY

BY

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*“Oh, river winding to the sea!
We call the old time back to thee;
From forest paths and water-ways
The century-woven rail we raise.”*

—Whittier



PREFACE.

Greenwich in "Old Cohansey," the second town laid out by the direction of John Fenwick in South New Jersey, has always been noted for the intelligence, morality, and longevity of its inhabitants.

As the years go by we learn to appreciate the privations and trials of the pioneers who opened the way for the settlement of the first towns in our state and county.

I have endeavored to present authentic history of the early settlers and their successors, and have written of some of the prominent men and women whom I saw and knew in my youth.

I acknowledge my indebtedness to "Barber's Historical Collections of New Jersey," and have been greatly aided by Judge Elmer's "History of Cumberland County," and other local histories.

Trusting that this little work may be valued not only by the present dwellers of "Old Cohansey," but by all who are interested in the history and memories of the past.

CHAPTER I.

In the old historic town of Greenwich, in 1849, my cousin and I were born; born in homes of plenty, surrounded with all the necessaries of life, and many of its luxuries.

Our fathers were brothers, living at the head of the village, and doing a thriving business at the time of our advent.

My cousin had brothers and one sister, while I had sisters and one brother.

At the early age of five years we entered the district school, accompanied by our sisters, clad in hoods and long gray cloaks, made by the same pattern; our mothers partook strongly of the Quaker element in our village with regard to color, and our usual attire were garments of a sober hue.

The school house stood a few rods west of our homes: almost hidden from the public road by large hawthorne hedges both east and west until you approached the entrance of the play grounds; to and fro twice a day did we go to that seat of learning, or Hawthorne Academy, as it was sometimes called.

As we advanced in years, our school days and companionship was most delightful. Our leisure hours and holidays were usually spent at a stream or brooklet that flowed back of

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our homes. When stern winter had relaxed and given place to the early spring days, along its banks we would revel in the sunshine; searching for the first violets; espying a fish emerging from its mossy bed and swimming in the current; watching the shining black bugs—sometimes called beavers—darting and playing on the surface. As the season advanced we would doff our shoes and stockings, wade in the stream and gather the yellow lillies that abundantly flowered there. Our favorite place was near the old bridge, where the willow boughs swayed in the soft western winds—those willows were the first trees in the spring time to array their branches in living green—and in the topmost branches, the cardinal bird in his brilliant plumage trilled his melodious song.

Pine Mount Creek, as the stream is called, has its rise in a spring a mile or so east of our homes, and broadened in its winding way, flowing a few miles south, then losing its identity in the Cohansey River. The river was named after an Indian Chief Cohansic, who lived in former days on the south side, so my sister told us. She said not many centuries back, there was an Indian encampment near the head of the stream, and in the open fields on either side could be found arrow points, broken pottery, and occasionally a stone axe, proving they had formerly lived there.

My mother explained to us girls the working of the old Fulling Mill, that was erected by the early settlers on Pine Mount Creek, or Mount Gibbon Run it was called when the mill was built. She said in those days nearly all the clothing and bedding used by the people was spun in the family, and often woven there also. Then it was taken to the Fulling Mill to be dressed. At the Fulling Mill by the use of pestles or stampers they beat and pressed it to a close or compact state, at the same time cleansing it. A little farther down the stream the first settlers erected a grist mill. It stood under the willows very near where the bridge crosses the stream. At one time when rebuilding the bridge, the workmen found some of the timbers of the old mill. A romance has been handed down from generation to generation concerning the "Old Mill." One spring morning when all things in nature become new and resonant of life, the birds on the willow boughs were carolling their songs of gladness, one of "Old Cohansey's" fair maidens stood in the doorway, possibly had brought some grain and was awaiting the grinding. A youth was passing and the beautiful charms of the maiden so overpowered him, he approached the mill and proposed to her. She accepted and they were afterwards married. The young man was said to be Thomas Maskell.

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As we played near the old bridge on the grassy slope, we frequently saw an elderly gentleman passing. We knew him, and would often go where he would notice us. Sometimes his greeting would be by the crook of his cane, bringing us to a halt, which would amuse us very much. Then we would saunter along by his side. He was a physician, and also lived at the head of the village. Our mother said he had been a greet blessing to the people, and helped us into the world, so we regarded him as superior to most of the villagers. My sister said he was a descendant of one of those brave men who burned the tea near the village landing just before the Revolutionary war, and just as soon as we would take an interest in it, she would teach us the history of our town and early settlers.

CHAPTER II.

Life to my cousin and me in our childhood, had been one glad summer day. As we were growing into larger girlhood, a great shadow crossed my cousin's pathway; her mother met with an accident, which in a few days terminated in death.

Sorrow which is a part of every human experience, had touched her heart for the first time, and left an aching void. The vacant place was soon filled by an estimable lady, who kindly ministered to the family, and the days came to us with the same radiancy of dawn, and departed with splendor at evening time. The flowers blossomed by the wayside, and the birds sang in the waving willow branches, while beneath the stream rippled in its ceaseless flow to the broader sea.

We were learning new lessons, year by year as they passed; learning that we must study and enrich our minds with knowledge, to meet the work and stern realities of life.

With the aid of my sister, we began in earnest to study "Old Cohansey." My sister was a student of history, having all the books in her possession we needed for information. She impressed upon our minds the importance of acquiring the knowledge of the early his-

tory of our town, which in after life would prove of value.

We learned that probably the first settlers of West New Jersey, were the Dutch and Swedes, but so far as is known, they never took any steps to secure permanent titles to the land upon which they settled. Whatever titles they may have claimed were ignored by the English, although they were permitted in many cases to purchase the unimproved land.

It is stated that there is no certain evidence that any white settlers had located in the limits of what is now Cumberland County previous to the settlement of Salem by Fenwick in the fall of 1675. My sister said that John Fenwick was the founder of the town of Salem and what was known as Fenwick's Colony. Then she had us read from history, how "King Charles II granted all that territory called by the Dutch" New Netherlands, including part of the state of New York and all New Jersey, to his brother the Duke of York, afterwards James II, March 12th, 1633-4. The Duke conveyed New Jersey to Lord Berkley and Sir George Carteret, June 24th, 1664. In 1672 the Dutch reconquered the province, but in 1673 it was restored, and new grants executed. At this time Lord Berkley became alarmed at the spirit which the planters of New Jersey manifested, and, dissatisfied with the pecuniary

prospects of his adventure, offered his interest in the province for sale. It was not long before he received from two Quakers in England, John Fenwick and Edward Billinge, a satisfactory offer, and in 1674 conveyed his interest to Fenwick in trust for himself and Billinge. A difficulty arose between these purchasers, the precise nature is not known, and the matter was submitted to William Penn. He awarded one tenth to Fenwick which was said to include 150,000 acres, and the remainder to Billinge.

Fenwick was dissatisfied with the decision at first, but at length assented to it, and in 1675 sailed in the ship *Griffin* for his new possession in America. He sailed into the Delaware with his family, servants, and associates consisting of masters of families. Fenwick's immediate family consisted of three daughters, Elizabeth, Ann and Priscilla. John Adams, husband of Elizabeth, of Reading, in Berks, weaver, and three children: Elizabeth, aged eleven years, Fenwick, aged nine years, and Mary, aged four years; Edward Champneys, husband of Priscilla, of Thornbury, Gloucestershire, joiner, and two children, John and Mary. John Fenwick brought ten servants: Robert Twiner, Gervis Bywater, William Wilkinson, Joseph Worth, Michael Eaton, Elinor Geere, Sarah Hutchins, Ruth Geere, Zachariah Geere and Ann Parsons.

Besides these he was accompanied by Mary

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White, the faithful nurse of his children, who had lived in his family several years before coming to America; she was very much attached to the three daughters and resolved to share their good or bad fortune in a strange land. Their father's house was her home, where she had entire charge. Edward Champneys brought three servants: Mark Reeve, Edward Webb and Elizabeth Waite; in all twenty-four persons of the immediate family of the chief proprietor. Samuel Hedge, Jr., married the daughter Ann, soon after their arrival.

Samuel Nicholson, his wife Ann, and five children, Parobal, Elizabeth, Samuel, Joseph and Abel, came in the same ship. Samuel Nicholson had been a farmer and resident of Wiston, in Nottinghamshire.

John Smith, his wife Martha, and four children, Daniel, Samuel, David and Sarah, came also in the Griffin. John Smith was a miller and came from Roxbury.

The following persons were also passengers: John Pledger and his wife, Elizabeth, lived at Portsmouth, Southamptonshire; he was a ship carpenter; James Nevill had been a weaver and lived in the parish of Stepney, London; Edward Wade and his wife Prudence, had been residents of London; he was a citizen and cloth worker; Robert Wade, his brother, was a carpenter and lived near by Edward; Richard Hancock and his wife, Margaret,

lived in Bromley, near Bow, London; he was an upholsterer; Isaac Smart came from Wiltshire; he was a single man; Hippolit Lefever and Wm. Malster were “gentlemen;” the first lived in St Martins in the fields; the last in Westminster, both towns in the suburbs of London. Whatever may have been their calling, all became tillers of the soil, to secure food for themselves and families.

Once on board the ship and free from the shore, these adventurers found themselves crowded and inconvenienced in many ways not anticipated; hence the tidy housewife, whose delight it had been to have her home attractive, was sadly annoyed at the want of neatness around her, and a glance at the cooking arrangements put an end to all enjoyment of meals from that time forward. Exclusiveness within such limited space was not to be considered and the annoyance of “going down to the sea in ships” seemed to multiply. The English Channel was not passed before all the romance had departed, and Neptune, the god of the great deep, demanded and received his tribute. The routine of the ship and the broad expanse of waters that surrounded them on every side soon became monotonous, and put their patience and bravery to the severest test. As they left “Lands End” and saw the shores sink into the waves, each could have said with the poet,

“Adieu, oh fatherland! I see
Your white cliffs on th’ horizon’s rim,
And though to freer skies I flee
My heart swells—and my eyes are dim.”

The first approach of the ship to the shores of America was near Cape Henlopen, on the southerly side of Delaware Bay, at a small island subsequently called Fenwick island. Nothing reminded them of their native land save the beautiful autumn tints upon the forests that crowded down to the water’s edge and fringed the streams with marvelous coloring. The absence of shipping contrasted strangely enough with the river Thames where vessels from all parts of the world found a port; while here, seldom but the canoe of the Indian or the fishing smack of the Swedes disturbed the waters.

They sailed up the bay about fifty miles along the eastern shore from Cape May, and anchored opposite the Old Swedes fort, “Elsborg” near the mouth of Assamhocking river, on the 23d of September, 1675.

The day following they ascended the Assamhocking river, (now Salem) about three miles, and landed on the south side of the river, where now is the city of Salem. They had been two and a half months crossing Atlantic’s troubled waves, and the thankfulness of landing at that beautiful spot, suggested the name of Salem, the City of Peace.

CHAPTER III.

As soon as practicable after his arrival John Fenwick bought from the Indians or natives, his tenth of New Jersey, which included Salem and Cumberland counties.

My sister explained to us that titles to land in New Jersey was derived from the British Crown. Among the nations of Europe, it was a settled principle that all uninhabited countries, and also those inhabited by savage tribes, became the property of the sovereign whose subjects sailing along its rivers and harbors, first took possession of it. So Fenwick had a legal right, but policy and a sense of justice, prompted him and the early settlers to make compensation for the land. The friendship of the Indians was worth a great deal to the few and scattered settlers. Immense tracts could be bought for a few baubles, and to the fair and reasonable treatment they received from the Quakers, may probably be ascribed the absence of those desolating wars which prevailed in New England.

His third purchase was from the Cannockink river (now Cohansey) to the Wahatquenack (now Maurice river).

We never tired of reading and studying about the Red Men of the forest, and learned

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when kindly treated, they were capable of devoted and enduring friendships and were extremely sensitive to contempt and injury. They had no written language, important events were kept in memory by carefully repeated traditions, handed from generation to generation with accuracy. They were very fond of personal adornment, and sometimes their vanity and ignorance were taken advantage of, but no part of New Jersey was ever taken from them by force; all was acquired by voluntary sale.

When weary of the early history, my sister would relate to us, what she had read about some of the Indian Kings. She said the old King "Ockamicon" who died in Burlington, New Jersey, about the year 1754, appointed his brother's son, Iahikursoe, his successor. He earnestly desired him to hear his last words, and addressed him after this manner.

"My brother's son, this day I deliver my heart into your bosom; and mind me, I would have you love what is good, and keep good company; refuse what is evil, and by all means avoid bad company.

"Brother's son, I would have you cleanse your ears, and take all foulness out, that you may hear both good and evil, and then join with the good, and refuse the evil; and also cleanse your eyes, that you may see good and evil, do not join with it, but join to that which is good. Be sure always to walk in a

good path, and if any Indian should speak evil of Indians or of Christians, do not join with it; but look at the sun from the rising of it to the setting of the same."

My mother remarked it was the same lesson that the Apostle Paul taught the Thessalonians; "Cleave to the good, and resist the very appearance of evil." Then she quoted from the old prophet Isaiah, "He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly, he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil, he shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure."

Then she sang to us an old Indian hymn, that her father taught her.

"In de dark wood, no Indian nigh,
Den me look heben and send up cry,
Ubon my knee so low.
But God on hign in shiny place,
See me at night, with teary face,
De priest he tell me so.

"God send de angel take him care,
He come he'self to hear him prayer
If Indian heart do pray.
He see me now, he know me here.
He say poor Indian 'neber fear'
Me wid you night and day.

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“So me lub God, with inside heart
He fight for me, he take him part,
 He save im life before,
God hear poor Indian in de wood
So me lub God, and dat be good
 Me pray him two times more.”

CHAPTER IV.

In gleaning the page of history we learned the first proprietors of the land all about us, including our homes, were Leonard and Nicholas Gibbon.

The rights west of the Coliansey seem all to have been purchased of Fenwick or his executors. Most of the land was covered by surveys before 1700. James Wasse, Joshua Barkstead, R. Hutcliusou, George Hazlewood, John Budd, Cornelius Mason, and Edmund Gibbon, made large surveys which extended nearly from the Cohansey to the Salem line.

Edward Gibbon was an English merchant in New York. In 1677 in order to secure a debt due to him by Edward Duke and Thomas Duke—he took from them a deed for 6,000 acres in West New Jersey, which had been conveyed to them by John Fenwick in England. Gibbon by virtue of this deed had a tract of 5,500 acres surveyed for him by Richard Hancock in 1682. It was resurveyed in 1703 by Benjamin Acton, and lay in Cohansey precinct, now in Greenwich and Hopewell Townships, including Roadstown, extending southward to Pine Mount Branch, and westward to the Delaware.

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He devised this tract to his grandson Edmond who devised it to Francis Gibbon of Bennesdere, England. In 1700 Francis devised it to his two kinsmen, Leonard and Nicholas Gibbon of Gravesend, Kent, England, describing it as all the tract of land known as Mount Gibbon, upon the branches of an unknown creek, (Stow Creek) near Cohansey, in West New Jersey, provided they settle upon it.

Mount Gibbon, or Pine Mount as it was afterwards called, stood a short distance from our homes. Its wealth of Flora afforded us girls more happiness, than the glittering gold of Ophir, or the sparkling diamonds of India, could possibly have given us in later years. The middle or last of April, with joyous step, did we hasten to the hillside, to gather the pink and white clusters of the Trailing Arbutus while the feathery pines reverberated to the gentle wind in mournful song. In May we would hunt for the pink Moccasin Shoe and Dog toothed Violets; in early June the wild Honey Suckle scented the air and the stately Laurel would adorn its evergreen branches with pink and white cup-like flowers. A few weeks later we inhaled the aromatic whiffs of the Magnolia blossoms, towering just beyond our reach, while at our feet the modest Pipsissaway was opening snowy petals, and emitting its most delicious fragrance in the summer air.

The Christmas Holly grew everywhere in the wood at the foot of the hill, the beauty of those Holly trees in the wintry season after a carpet of snow had fallen, covering the sere leaf, and all unsightliness, almost rivalled the spring time verdue.

At almost every excursion to Mount Gibbon, we girls would climb to its pine clad summit to view the landscape o'er. Far away to the South we could see the waters of the noble Delaware, winding its way to the great Ocean, whose sails glanced in the sunlight like birds at sea. Lord Delaware on a voyage to Virginia touched at Delaware Bay, which has since borne his name. In an easterly direction, we could catch occasional glimpses of Old Cohansey gliding through its meads and marshes to the bosom of the bay; suddenly a canvass white as sunlit snow would appear in view, then disappear and reappear in the same place apparently in sailing the reaches of the river. Just below us was our village church, store and scattered houses surrounded with fertile farms dotted here and there with white residences, almost hidden by orchards of green and tall stately sycamores, while over all the white cumulus clouds drifted in the azure skies, ever changing and dissolving in the atmosphere.

Nicholas Gibbon borne in 1702 was a son of Arthur and Jane Gibbon, Gravesend Kent, England. Nicolas and his younger brother

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Leonard came to New Jersey and erected one of the first grist-mills near Cohansey, upon the stream called Macanippuck. My cousin and I loved to go when the monthly grist was taken to see the mysteries of that old mill. In every story we would watch the revolutions of the moss covered wheel and listen to the roar, as the grain was made into flour. When at the mill we often called upon Mrs. Tyler, the widow of Rev. Benjamin Tyler, the owner and proprietor who lived in the brick mansion. She always gave us maidens a cordial welcome. A lady so amiable and generous that none knew her but to love her. She was said to be a direct descendant of Nicholas Gibbon.

In 1730 they divided the tract, Nicholas taking the Southern part including the mill and two thousand acres of land. Leonard erected a stone house about two miles north of Greenwich, afterwards owned by Asa Horner. Nicholas built a substantial brick house in Greenwich which he occupied until he moved to Salem in 1740. They were Episcopalians and at their own expense erected an Episcopal Church in "Old Cohansey," not very far from the Greenwich landing. The Gibbons were said to have much wealth and built the church for the accommodation of their own and neighbors' families. The consecration of the church took place in the year 1729 and was named St. Stephen. As

the tide of emigration seemed to flow towards that part of Old Cohanse, so did the religion of the community tend toward the Quakers, Baptist and Presbyterians and so overpowered the Episcopalians, that in after years the church waned into insignificance and was finally obliterated.

CHAPTER V.

We learned in resuming the study of Fenwick that directly after his arrival he provided for laying out a neck of land for a town at Cohansey. He paid the Indians for Cumberland County and adjoining parts of his tenth, four guns, powder and lead, 336 gallons of rum, an uncertain number of shoes and stockings, four blankets, and 16 match-coats. The sale of the land being ratified by the Indian Chiefs Mahowskeys, Newswego, Cheekeenaham, Tinecho and Shacanan. He designed calling the town Cohansey but the settlers called it Greenwich probably after Greenwich, Connecticut, which place some of the settlers had come from. The lots were to be sixteen acres each. A street was laid out from the wharf one hundred feet wide to where the Presbyterian church now stands. The laying out of the town seemed to be delayed until after Fenwicks death.

Fenwick died in the latter part of 1683 but by his will directed his executors to proceed with the laying out of Cohansey. Sixteen acres at the wharf on the north side they sold to Mark Reeve, who came over with Fenwick in the Griffin. The Griffin was the first English ship that came to West Jersey after its purchase by the Friends. Sixteen lots

were sold to Alexander Smith, Thomas Watson, John Clark, John Mason, Thomas Smith, William Bacon, Joseph Brown, Samuel Bacon, Edward Hurlburt, Joseph Dennis, Enoch Moore, Obadiah Holmes and Frances Alexander by 1700 and most of them settled upon these lots and were the first settlers of Greenwich.

Two fairs were held yearly in the town of Greenwich, in April and October. These fairs were continued until 1765 when a law was enacted, that fairs in the town of Greenwich had been found inconvenient and unnecessary. It is said there had been an increase of regular retail stores whose proprietors desired patronage.

Nearly all of the first settlers of Greenwich were Friends or Quakers. Soon after 1700 new settlers arrived in increasing numbers and settled in the limits of Cumberland County. The first roads that were laid out followed the Indian paths.

At the last grand council of the Apos, Colados and a smaller tribe the Wallas gathered from the river to the shore; the old men and warriors came and invoking the aid of the great spirit sat in council. For days and days the council lasted. The future comfort of the tribes and their fondness for their favorite home Washalla held long and fearful contest in their savage breast. Newswege arose from among his sorrowing friends

and pointing to the trail near which the council fire burned, said "This trail so plainly marked shall some day guide the pale face from the hills to the sea. We will find a resting place near the setting sun." The prophecy of the old chief was soon verified. The kings highway was upon that trail while the state was yet a province. The king Mahowskey, considered Washalla his home by the sea an earthly Paradise. The southern peninsula with its many miles of unbroken forest, the Atlantic on one side and the Delaware on the other, intersected with numerous streams teeming with fish; the forest abounding with game and the soil easily cultivated by their crude tools supplied to them their every want. Nature sang for them her sweetest hymns.

There were well known clans that crossed the state. Many of the Pennsylvania clans made annual visits to the Seashore. Their chief object was to procure fish, oysters and clams, drying them for winter food and partly for making and getting money. The celebrated wampum consisted of beads made out of the shells of the large clam found abundantly on the coast.

James Daniels a minister among the friends, whose Father settled in the forks of Slow Creek near the place now called Canton in Salem Co. in 1690, When he was about five years old, learned the Indian language and

says in his memoirs: "The white people were very few, and the natives a multitude, but a sober, grave and temperate people and used no manner of oath in their speech, but as the country grew older the people grew worse, and had corrupted the natives in their morals, teaching them bad words and the excessive use of strong drink." Columbus describes the innocent happiness of these people. He says, "They were no wild savages, but very gentle and courteous, without stealing, without killing." History scarcely records an instance when hospitality was not extended by the red men of the forest to our first explorers.

A few of the descendants of the original inhabitants lingered within the county until after the Revolutionary War, earning their substance principally by making baskets.

CHAPTER VI.

The Presbyterian Church stands in the old village, just a few rods south of the bridge, and the old burial ground just across the street, the stream forming its western boundary. The early settlers built their houses of worship near a stream, so those who attended the services could procure water for themselves and horses.

This church was so near our homes that in the fading summer twilight we would sit on my cousin's doorstep and watch the congregation gather, and listen to the worshippers as they sang their evening song of praise.

It is believed the society of the church was formed as early as 1700. Jeremiah Bacon deeded to Henry Joice and Thomas Maskell a lot of land in trust as a gift for the Presbyterian church and congregation as early as the month of April 1717.

The Gibbon brothers gave six acres of land for a parsonage. The deed bears the date of January 13, 1729-30, and was from Nicholas and Leonard Gibbon to Josiah Fithian, Thomas Maskell and Noah Miller. The first building was wooden, but was superceded by one of brick which was not finished until 1751, although occupied for worship several years before completion. It was 44 feet in

length by 34 in breadth. When completed it was said to have been the largest and most imposing edifice in the counties of Salem, Cumberland, or in South Jersey. Cumberland county was set off from the county of Salem and erected into a new county, by an act of Assembly passed January 19th, 1747-8. "The Duke of Cumberland who had not long before gained the victory of Culloden, and thereby established the house of Hanover permanently on the throne of Great Britain, was the great hero of the day, and the new county was named after him."

Tradition says the pulpit of the church was hexagonal, made of black walnut, as was also the sounding board, said to have been made in Boston. At first the only pews it contained were those constructed around the walls, each pew being built at the expense of the occupant, the area in the building being furnished with benches. The galleries were originally reached by a stairway outside of the building. It stood on the old burial ground, not very far from the entrance, and remained there until one of brick was erected on the opposite side of the street.

The cornerstone of the new church was laid May 7, 1835. The church was built at a cost of about \$5,000, and was enlarged to its present dimensions in 1860.

The society formed in 1700 was supplied by Mr. Black. It is not known what year Mr.

Black left the church. It is stated he moved to Lewes, Delaware, about 1708.

It is probable the pulpit was filled with supplies until 1728, when Rev. Ebenezer Gould was installed pastor. He was a native of New England and a graduate of Yale. The next year after Mr. Gould was installed the congregation built a parsonage, where he resided. It was burned about the year 1740.

After Mr. Gould came to Greenwich he was married to Annie Brewster, a sister of Frances Brewster, one of the elders of the church, a descendant of Elder Brewster who landed from the Mayflower in December 1620. She died while he was pastor and was buried under the communion table of the church. Mr. Gould resigned the next year after his wife's death. The church was without a pastor for six years but was supplied by eminent preachers of the denomination.

The celebrated Whitefield visited "Old Cohansey" about the year 1740, and preached with his accustomed eloquence. The church could not contain the people that had assembled to hear him so he preached to them on the side of the hill northeast of the church, which was then covered with the original forest.

Rev. Andrew Hunter was installed pastor of the church, and the Presbyterian church of Deerfield September 4, 1746. He preached two Sabbaths at Greenwich and every third Sab-

bath at Deerfield. He served both churches until 1750, when he confined his labors to the Greenwich church. An able scholar and divine, his influence and usefulness was very great. At the close of his ministry the church had never been in a more prosperous state. He fell a victim to dysentery July 28, 1775, and was buried in the middle aisle of the church. He was an ardent friend to the liberties of America, and was active in and out of the pulpit to arouse the spirit of liberty against the oppressive measures of British government.

In after years a large tablet was erected to his memory, which bears this inscription: "Beneath this stone are deposited the remains of the Rev. Andrew Hunter, A. M., for thirty years the pastor of this church. He was a judicious divine, zealous preacher, and an eminent example of piety, charity and public spirit. He finished his labors and entered into 'The Joy of his Lord' July the 28th, 1775, aged sixty years.

Upon the side of the tablet there is another inscription, "Here lies the body of Annie Gould, wife of the Rev. Ebenezer Gould, who departed this life July 16th, 1739, aged 36 years. *Mi Mento Mori.*" So the descendant of the Puritan Pilgrim, and the minister who was so influential in enkindling the flame of patriotism in the citizens of Cumberland county—One stone fittingly marks their place of burial.

My cousin and I delighted in rambling in that old burial ground studying the inscriptions and epitaphs, some of them so blackened by time's passing years they were hardly intelligible.

Our old friend the Doctor was almost a daily visitor. We often met him and no young admirer of us maidens ever raised his hat at our approach more politely than did he. We were very fond of his society. At one time when the woods south of the old cemetery were ablaze with the Autumn's glory, he repeated some very beautiful lines regarding October to us. He has been known to repeat the entire poem of Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

One evening when my brother was passing the old burial ground as the twilight shadows were deepening, midway between the tablets of the Gibbons and Mr. Hunter stood the "Old Doctor" singing that old hymn, "There is a land of pure delight where saints immortal reign." He sang the entire hymn and we knew he was living again with the friends of yore, and though the sod covered the earthly forms, by the eye of faith he saw their spirits in the heavenly land. My father said when he first came to the village to live the Doctor led the church choir and was a very sweet singer.

History records that after the death of Rev. Andrew Hunter the church was without a

pastor until the year 1782. The Rev. Isaac Keith was for a time a supply. In 1782 the Rev. George Faitoute was installed pastor and remained pastor until 1788. In 1792 a congregation was formed in Bridgeton which drew largely for the material for its formation from the Greenwich church.

Dr. William Clarkson was installed pastor of both churches in November 1794. He was dismissed upon his own application by the Presbytery in 1801. He was said to be a popular and excellent preacher. In 1804 the Rev. Jonathan Freeman, of Newburgh, N. Y. was unanimously called to be the pastor of the church and congregation, the congregation at Bridgeton concurring in the call of Mr. Freeman. He was installed pastor of both churches in the church at Bridgeton October 16, 1805. After the death of Mr. Freeman in 1822 the pulpits of the churches were supplied by the Presbytery.

Mr. Freeman's successor was the Rev. Samuel Lawrence. He was ordained November 10, 1824. It was during his pastorate that the old church building, which had become so dilapidated, was abandoned and a new church erected across the street. The congregation worshipped in the old church for the last time April 12th, 1835. Mr. Lawrence served the church faithfully for over twenty years; then applied to Presbytery for admission in the spring of 1847. He was followed by the

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Rev. Shepherd K. Kollock. He was installed January 26th 1848. He was a very talented man, and excelled by very few; failing health obliged him to sever his pastoral relation with the church March 11th 1861.

November 4th 1861. Rev. John S. Stewart was unanimously called, and was ordained pastor of the church February 11th, 1862. My cousin and I were occasionally permitted to go in company to listen to the eloquent Dr. Stewart, and began from that time to take much interest in the church that could be seen from our homes.

CHAPTER VII.

About a mile east of Sheppard's Mill, the early Baptist settlers built a church, which is said to be the first organized church in this region, of which there is any authentic record.

History informs us in the year 1683 some Baptists from Tipperary, Ireland, settled in the neighborhood of Cohansey. About this time Thomas Killingworth settled not far off. He was a man of much ability; fully qualified to occupy any position in the colony to which he might be called, a native of Norwich, England. He increased the number to nine souls, and probably as many more including the sisters. They formed a church in the spring of 1690. A wooden building was erected. Its dimensions were 32 by 36 feet and history records had a stove in 1789. In those early times it was so unusual to warm the houses of worship in any way, that the stove claimed special mention.

The old frame building remained until 1804, when a brick church was erected at Roadstown, to which the congregation removed. The Roadstown church still retains the name of "Old Cohansey."

My sister informed us girls that in the

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old burial ground that marks the place where the old church stood, the first white female that was born in "Old Cohansey" was buried. We were much enthused about it, and had a great desire to visit the place, when unexpectedly came an invitation to spend the day with some friends whose farm adjoined the old cemetery. The much anticipated day dawned upon us in all the beauties of midsummer, the beams of the morning sun was filling field and meadow and threw an air of sprightliness and gayety over all nature.

Around the old town the bearded grain had fallen before the reaper, and much of it garnered.

The blades and tassels of the green growing corn were waving and rustling in the mellow summer breezes.

In the gardens could be seen a few belated blossoms gracing the stalks of the stately hollyhocks, and a few lingering lillies and roses. As we were driven through the wooded way to our friends home, some of the feathered songsters were warbling their sweetest notes for their love mate's ear, and the overhanging trees made cool shadows beneath, where the graceful ferns grew in their mysterious beauty; springing from perished leaves and dripping mold.

We had a most enjoyable visit. After dining some one suggested we go to the

cemetery. In going my cousin and I wandered by ourselves as we were apt to do, and soon found the marble slab that told the story; we read the inscription: "In memory of Deborah Swinney who departed this life the 4th day of April, 1760 in the 77th year of her age." She was the first female born in "Old Cohansey." Although there were many other stones of ancient date, soon the conversation of the entire party concentrated upon the one stone. We longed to know her whole history. Born as early as 1684, about 64 years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts; born when the dusky tribal people inhabited the forest, and must have been everywhere around and about her. She probably learned their language and their customs, for they were governed by customs instead of laws. If she had no sisters, she probably made the Indian girls her companions, and roamed the forests with them in their wild free life. She must have seen the Indian canoe glide over the waters of "Old Cohansey," perhaps entered the wigwam and saw those savory dishes prepared, such as "hominy and succotash" which are strictly Indian in name and preparation. The succotash is found on every farmer's table in "Old Cohansey" in the late summer season.

Deborah Swinney was born about the time Charles II., King of England, died, and lived in the reign of James II., William and Mary,

Queen Anne, George I. and George II., and died the year George III. commenced his reign. George Washington, then unknown to fame, having recently married Martha Custis, was quietly living at Mt. Vernon, and his diary of 1760 shows how closely he was applying himself to the management of his splendid estate. Deborah Swinney lived and died in old Colonial times before the great struggle of Independence. She was one of the constituent members of the Seventh Day Baptist church of Shiloh, organized in the year 1737.

A Baptist church stands on the main street of Greenwich, which for many years was considered an outpost of Old Cohansey church of Roadstown. A few persons in the village desired a Baptist church. In December 1843 a subscription toward a meeting house was commenced and in two days \$2,000 was pledged toward that object. In the spring of 1844 the house was begun. On the 9th day of October, 1844, the house was dedicated. In 1849 the church was organized with 48 members. The church has grown wonderfully and at the present time is in a flourishing condition with an enrollment of between two and three hundred members.

CHAPTER VIII.

We learned that before the Revolutionary war there were very few towns in the County. Greenwich was the place of most business up to the beginning of the 19th century. The stores there contained the largest assortment of goods. The river forming an excellent harbor, vessels traded direct to the West Indies and other places. There was a regular ferry kept up over the river, and much intercourse between Fairfield and Greenwich. In 1767 after Jolin Sheppard came there and occupied the property formerly owned by Mark Reeve, a law was passed establishing the ferry, and in pursuance of its provision he bound himself to keep good and sufficient boats, fit for ferrying travelers and carriages for 999 years, and to keep and amend the roads, and bound his property to keep the agreement.

In 1810, and also in 1820, efforts were made to have a draw bridge built at the expense of the county but was defeated by those living on the river above which caused much rejoicing. For several years a horseboat was in constant use, but as other towns grew, Greenwich lost its relative importance, and the ferry had but little business. So in 1838 Mr. Sheppard, by paying \$300, was released from his engagement.

My sister said it was the persistence of the British Government in taxing the English Colonies of North America that brought on the Revolutionary War, and hastened their independence.

They had sent petition after petition to King James to lift the burdens, and allow them to be represented in Parliament. In 1773 all the taxes were repealed, but the duty on tea. Our forefathers resolved not to use it, and they would not suffer it to be landed and offered for sale. In order to make that tax more palatable, they had taken off the export duty of 12 per cent from the East India Company and allowed them to bring it to this country upon payment of an import duty of 3 per cent. They hoped by thus cheapening the price of tea 9 per cent, to bribe the American to pay the small import duty, and thus acknowledge the right of the British Government to tax them without their consent. In pursuance of this plan the East India Company sent large quantities of tea to this country. At some places the tea was not permitted to be landed. In December a party disguised as Indians boarded the ships in Boston Harbor, and threw the tea into the waters. About December 12-14, 1774, the brig, Greyhound, commanded by Capt. Allen, bound for Philadelphia, came sailing into Cohansey river with a quantity of tea, shipped at Rotterdam. He was afraid to proceed to his place of des-

tinuation and landed the tea at Greenwich, where it was stored in the cellar of a house, standing in front of the then open market square. The house was occupied by Dan Bowen.

Imitating the example of the Bostonians a company of nearly forty men was organized with the concurrence of the committee of safety of the county of which Jonathan Elmer, the royal sheriff, was an active member, who disguised themselves as Indians, and on the night of December 22nd, 1774, broke into the store house, took out the boxes of tea and burned them in a neighboring field. One of the party, a man named Stacks, tied strings around his pantaloons at his ankles and stuffed them with tea, which he carried home to his family, and ever afterwards was called "Tea Stacks." There was a great stir among the inhabitants on the next day after the occurrence. Some raved, some condemned, and some tried to reason. Many were glad the tea was destroyed, but almost all disapproved of the manner of destruction. The owner of the tea commenced action of trespass, against such of the disguised Indians as they thought they could identify in the supreme court of the state. Money for the defense was raised by subscription, and eminent counselors were employed in behalf of the defendants. No trial however, took place. The rule for security of costs was repealed at the November term

and in default thereof nonsuits were entered at the April term in 1776. At the May term, security having been filed, the nonsuits were set aside and the actions revived, but they were short-lived. The new constitution of the state adopted in July, having dispersed the royal judges and their places being filled in the succeeding winter with whigs, the action was dropped and no further proceedings took place on either side.

A long time ago the burning of the tea was written in verse by an unknown writer:

“On the wharf I sit and dream,
While the stars throw many a beam,
A soft and silvery streak
On the stillness of the creek;
And a vessel through the haze
Of the Old Colonial Days,
Like a spectre seems to ride
On the inward flowing tide.
Like a phantom it appears
Faintly through the hundred years
That have vanished since its sails
Braved the fierce Atlantic gales.
Are they risen from the graves—
Those dark figures clad as braves,
Of the dusky tribal hosts,
That of old possessed these coasts?
Swift they glide from neath the trees
The ill-fated stores to seize.
Noiselessly with whispered jests,
High they heaped the fragrant chests

Round the gnarled trunk that still
Lifts its limbs from yonder hill.
And at once a ruddy blaze
Skyward leaps and madly plays
Snapping, crackling o'er the pyre,
Till with patriotic fire,
All that costly cargo doomed,
Unto ashes is consumed.
Back the ship drifts through the haze
And the figures with the blaze,
Fade and vanish from the night,
And the moon swells clear and bright.
First a slender silver line,
Then Diana's bow divine;
Quarter, half, three-quarters, till
All the heavens seem to fill,
As the orb's full rounded girth,
Like a bubble, quits the earth.
Lo! the lights by twos and threes
Fade amid the village trees—
From the narrow casement fade
Till no mortal beams invade
With their keen and curious light,
The unconquered realms of night."

CHAPTER IX.

There are two Quaker meeting houses on the main street of the village.

The Friends meeting was established early in the settlement of the colony. Previous to the erection of the first meeting house, the meeting was held at private houses.

The first meeting house was a log building constructed near the landing in order to accommodate the people on both sides of Cohansey river. It was built upon the lot originally bought by Mark Reeve, who afterwards sold his 16 acres to Joseph Brown; "Joseph Brown sealing to Charles Bagley a lot of 50 feet on the street and 55 feet deep, for the only use, service, and purpose of a meeting house and graveyard, for those people in scorn called Quakers."

In the beginning of the 18th century it increased largely in the number of its members and a substantial brick house was erected. It was what was called an "Indulged meeting," or meeting for worship only, being under the care of the Salem meeting, and continued so until 1770, when this and the meeting at Alloways Creek were united, and formed one monthly meeting to be held alternately at each place.

In 1836 there was a great division of the so-called Friends, into two parties, called Orthodox and Hicksites, the latter being strict followers of Elias Hicks. This caused a separation in the society. The few Methodists in "Old Cohansey" had erected a wooden building and located it on the south side of old Mount Gibbon. As the tide of emigration did not increase their numbers a denomination of their faith could not be supported. The building was sold to the Hicksite Quakers and removed to the main village street about a half mile south of the Presbyterian church. It consisted of two stories with a stairway on the outside. It was not only used for worship but for school purposes. The school was taught by Sallie Owen, a very excellent Quaker lady. She taught the elementary branches, needle work and sampler making. My sisters were among her pupils. In course of time the old building was abandoned, moved across the street and converted into a dwelling, and in its place a neat brick structure was erected.

We girls were very much interested and fascinated with that Quaker meeting. Our people greatly admired the "Friends" but knowing we did not understand the real significance of their service, would not permit us to cross the threshold of the meeting house but a few times a year. The interior was simplicity itself. No painter's brush had

been permitted to change the natural color of the wood, and plainness was a marked feature of the entire building. There was a partition through the center of the church which separated the male from the female members. It was arranged so it could be entirely closed at their monthly business meeting.

"It may be explained that the meetings of Friends are classified as for worship and discipline. The meetings for discipline are divided into preparative, monthly, quarterly and yearly meetings. One or more meetings for worship may form a preparative meeting; one or more preparative meetings may form a monthly meeting; two or more monthly meetings may form a Quarterly meeting; and several quarterly meetings may form a yearly meeting. Some monthly meetings call every third meeting a quarterly meeting. The monthly meetings are the principal executive branch of the society, and keep the most voluminous records."

At the appointed hour the congregation assembled. They were very prompt in attendance. Then the stillness began, with not a sound anywhere to break the silence. The elderly members sat upon elevated seats, facing the younger part of the audience. We used to gaze in those elderly ladies' faces—their peculiar mode of dressing was very becoming—long gray or brown satin bonnets with the border of the white cap visi-

ble at the outline of the face and the white kerchief was the neck finishing of their plain costumes.

The attitude they assumed seemed to be a listening one, with an expression of sweetness and serenity that was a mystery to our young minds. Our eyes would wander beyond the partition to see how the quiet that pervaded the meeting was affecting the male members but the broad brimmed hats that encircled their brows hindered us from seeing their faces, but we knew by the holy calm everywhere they must be partaking of the same power.

At half past eleven the eldest male member arose and shook hands with his neighbor, which broke the silence and ended the First day meeting. Then kindly greetings with one another introduced by "How does thee do?" or "Is thee well?", after which they dispersed to their homes. Some of those Quaker ladies that occupied the elevated seats were our neighbors, and whenever we saw them at home or elsewhere they ever manifested the same sweet, lovely, serene spirit. Our special favorites were those we knew the best. Mrs. Lydia Hilliard, a most beantiful woman, who presided with such gentle dignity in her home usually clad in gowns of silk. It was a joy to us maidens to simply behold her. Mrs. Martha Tyler, a lady whose generosity and hospitality and loveliness seemed to make her

daily life a prayer. Mrs. John Tyler and Mrs. Sallie Stewart were women of remarkable sweetness of character.

In after years when we were grown into young womanhood and learned that their law was love, and the purpose of the silent meeting was to banish the babble of earth's voices, and listen to the inner voice that speaks to the heart alone, or in other words the soul's communion with the Eternal Mind—we could readily see why the true Quaker's walk in life was upright and beautiful.

“All mighty works of power
Are wrought in silence deep.
The earth-sown seed in stillness grows,
Ere harvest we can reap.”

CHAPTER X.

The Orthodox meeting we never attended but knew and saw some of its eminent members. Dr. George B. Wood frequently passed our homes in his carriage with footman and driver. He at that time was much interested in fruit and cranberry culture. He was born in Greenwich, March 13, 1797, and spent his summers there as long as he lived. His brick residence still stands in the old village, with its well kept lawns, and is very attractive. The interior contains many old heir-looms—beautiful china, mahogany furniture and old time treasures.

He received his early education in New York City; graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1815; and in medicine in 1818. He was not only eminent as a physician, but as an author and lecturer. He published many works, some of them having a world-wide reputation. With Franklin Baché, M. D., he published the *Dispensatory of the United States*. [Philadelphia, 1833.] Of this work 150,000 copies were sold during Dr. Wood's life time, the royalty to the authors being about \$155,000. He filled many high positions and was for many years

president of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia. He died in that city March 30, 1879.

Mr Clarkson Sheppard was a very intelligent member of the Orthodox Society of Friends. He was sometimes called a Quaker preacher. He often spoke in meeting and earnestly denounced the sins, follies and fashions of this world and impressed his hearers with the importance of cultivating the Christian graces; always guided by the inner light or presence of Christ in the heart, and daily walk with man as with a brother and a friend. He taught a Quaker school in the village for a number of years. He was a close observer of the weather, and furnished Meteorological reports to the Smithsonian Institution for a number of years. As Quakerism began to decline in the village he removed his family to Media, Pennsylvania.

There were ladies with very sweet faces that adorned the seats of the Orthodox meeting, and occasionally a wedding ceremony within its walls.

It was the custom of the engaged couple to pass meeting three months before the marriage, which announced the event. Then it was awaited with much expectancy in the village. At the meeting house the Friends and many others gathered to witness the ceremony. After the wedding party had entered and taken their seats the utmost quiet reigned.

until the groom arose and repeated the marriage service; the bride followed in the same manner. After the congratulations the certificate was signed in the presence of the assembled people.

CHAPTER XI.

At the age of seventeen we considered we had mastered the curriculum of our village school, and the winter term entered Union Academy at Shiloh.

The very name of Shiloh was of interest to us girls, as we had heard the story "o'er and o'er" that our ancestor was the first settler of Shiloh. He first located in Rhode Island. Between the years 1684 and 1687 he left that colony and came to New Jersey, where he first settled on the south side of Old Cohansey river, in what was then known as Shrewsbury Neck—now Upper Back Neck. He purchased 200 acres of John Gilman and 600 acres of Restore Lippincott, from a tract of 1000 acres purchased of John Fenwick. This section south of the Cohansey river was surveyed as early as 1678, by Fenwick's deputy surveyor Richard Hancock, who laid off 500 acres for William Worth—the first white person known to have settled south of this river. He was, however, soon followed by others. Worth's tract, included the present Lanning wharf property, almost opposite Greenwich.

Into this neighborhood came our ancestor and remained there until November 21, 1705, when he purchased 2200 acres of the rich agricultural land covering the present site of the village of Shiloh, of Dr. James Wass, a London physician who bought 5,000 acres July 12, 1675, of John Fenwick while he was still in England. This tract was located and re-surveyed October 15-18, 1705 by Joshua Barkstead, and 2200 acres conveyed to our ancestor, who removed from the south side of the Cohanseay to his new purchase. He was a Seventh Day Baptist and sold his tract to those of his own faith. His son deeded one acre of land in the village for a meeting house lot and burying ground on the 24th of March, 1738. The place was first called Cohanseay Corners, but the second pastor of the church, Elder Davis, who was eminent for learning and piety, gave to the village the name of Shiloh, after the biblical Shiloh in the land of Canaan that was consecrated to the worship of God. The first settlers were an intelligent people and Shiloh has always been noted for its good schools, and is said to have sent out more teachers than any other town in Cumberland county.

When we attended Union Academy it was a prosperous school. It was under the tutorship of Prof. O. V. Whitford and wife with an assistant, Miss Jennie Hoover. They were excellent teachers whose aim seemed to

be to educate and improve the scholar. We were taught that we must not commit our lessons merely for the class recital, but must have an understanding knowledge of them to be of practical benefit.

One of our special studies was astronomy. Mrs. Whitford, the teacher of the class, made the study so interesting with her instructions that we took great delight in our lessons. In the cold winter evening when the skies were cloudless and the stars sparkled with brilliancy, she would go out with the class and teach us the motions of the heavenly bodies, show us the visible planets, and trace the winter constellations with such accuracy that they were indelibly fixed in our memories. Our school days passed very pleasantly in Shiloh. We roomed with relatives; made acquaintances and took delightful walks about the old town, and frequently passed the old cemetery where so many of our name were buried.

A short distance from Shiloh on the way to Roadstown we saw the old Howell homestead, built long before the Revolutionary war. It was the home of the father of Richard Howell who was governor of the state of New Jersey from 1793 to 1801.

Roadstown, about two miles south west of Shiloh, was settled at an early date, and was a place next in importance to New England town and Greenwich. It is called Kingstown on an old mortgage on record. Before and

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after the Revolution it was called Sayres Cross Roads. Ananias Sayre, originally from Fairfield, who was a prominent citizen and at one time sheriff, settled there and built the house at the northwest corner of the cross roads. He was appointed sheriff by the governor 1747-8, and 1754.

CHAPTER XII.

As we developed into young womanhood, my cousin grew delicately fair—the fairness that is beautiful to the beholder, but often-times an indication of early decay. Her complexion was like the lily. Nature had painted her cheek with the hue of the rose. Her light brown hair fell in ringlets wavily from her fair forehead. She was graceful in figure and had many admirers.

After we completed our school days different avenues in life opened up for us, and we could not travel side by side as in the past. She taught a district school for a few years, and feeling the need of a change of climate, visited a brother in the west. At the parting visit she laughingly remarked: "I fear I shall meet my fate." The separation was painful as I realized her frailty. I frequently heard from her through her pen, and learned in course of time that Cupid's arrow had found a lodging place in her heart, and a final separation must take place, as she had decided to make the state of Wisconsin her future home. In 1876 when the Centennial Exposition was held in Philadelphia, she returned to the old town and home to prepare for her marriage. Together we selected the bridal outfit, and

in the late summer her friends witnessed her marriage. She then left us for a permanent home in the west. A very few years passed and she informed me her health was failing. Her frailty was evident when she came to endure the rigors of a western climate. She returned again for the purpose of regaining her health, but it was of no avail. Consumption, that "fell destroyer," seemed to be seated upon her lungs, and all medical aid was unavailing. She reminded me of the beautiful flower that opens its petals in the night, and perfumes with its fragrance the morning air, then fades and withers ere the sun reaches the meridian.

So my cousin developed into sweet and beautiful young womanhood, faded, drooped and died ere she reached the meridian of life. Just four years after her marriage we laid her frail body in the tomb. A short time before her death, she said surprisingly to me one day: "Our old friend, the Doctor, is living yet." I attended the church near our homes more regularly than in the past, and saw him often. He was then nearing ninety years of age, and was rarely absent from the church services. As a giant oak tree that has withstood centuries spreads its branches over the younger trees of the forest, so he stood in the old church--a tree of righteousness, the eldest, the only one familiar with its early history, having lived through many of its vicissitudes.

His contemporaries had all passed away and the younger people gathered about him. At the prayer meeting a regular attendant, often taking part. There was a sublimity about his utterance in prayer that was very marked—usually beginning his prayer with a biblical passage such as “Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord, God, Almighty, Who art, and was, and art to come.” The stillness of the meeting was impressive while he talked with the Invisible Presence whom he worshipped. At the social gatherings he was the central figure. As his intellectual attainments, medical practice and long life gave him a large experience, he often related incidents of the past that afforded delightful entertainment. Had he not kept step and almost witnessed the growth of our great republic? He was born before George Washington ended his second term as president and saw him when a small boy in Philadelphia. He then had lived under every administration.

In his home at the eventide of life, when the doors of sense were softly closing to the world—the eye growing dim and ear forgetting to hear, he was still the courteous Christian gentleman. Whatever passions or temptations assailed him in his earlier years, he had triumphed over them and was simply holding fast to the good—an humble follower of the Nazarene. He lived much with nature; he loved the tree, the plant, and the flower was a special delight to him.

The tender and loving ministrations of his niece and nephew, Miss Mary and Mr. Samuel Fithian, made his life a joy in his old age.

He was the "Grand Old Man" of "Old Cohansey"—the only one who lived six months beyond the century mark.

Dr. Enoch Fithian was born May 10, 1792. He began the study of medicine in 1813 at Roadstown, where after he was licensed to practice, he began his professional career. The first of June 1817, he entered into partnership with Dr. Ewing of Greenwich, which was continued until May 1824, when the retirement of Dr. Ewing from practice caused a separation of their professional relations.

He entered into partnership with others—Dr. Edward Porter in 1849 and Dr. Nathaniel Newkirk in 1851. They continued in active practice until 1856, when Dr. Fithian retired after a successful career of 41 years. In his declining years Rev. Henry E. Thomas was pastor of the church. He was installed June 8, 1870 and served the church successfully for 18 years. History informs us the congregations were larger during his pastorate than at any time since so many members withdrew to form the church at Bridgeton. The congregation consisted of ninety families. He was an ardent friend of the Old Doctor's, and he said when speaking of him, he "admired his intellect, honored his virtues and loved him as a friend."

At the close of the Civil war Dr. Thomas E. Stathems, who served as a surgeon through the war, came back to his native town and settled in the "Old Doctor's" practice. He was a very successful physician; a very genial, sympathetic and generous man—so genial that when he visited his patients, his presence was like a sunbeam, radiating brightness and cheerfulness by his jokes and sunny spirit; so sympathetic that the sufferings of humanity made the tears flow from his eyes, and if his remedies proved ineffectual, he was greatly distressed and troubled and sleepless nights followed; so generous and kind hearted that he gave his skill and strength to those in need where he knew there could be no remuneration. He reminded one of William McClure in *Drumtochty*, described by Ian Maclaren in "*Bonnie Brier Bush*,"—no matter how dark and stormy the night, he would travel many miles to relieve the sufferer. He was the true physician, wedded to his profession, living a life of self denial for service to his fellow man. He died July 16, 1891, aged 59 years.

William Bedford Ewing, another eminent physician of "Old Cohansey;" was born at Greenwich December 12, 1776. In the year 1797 he went to the Virgin Islands, and on St. Croix and St. Thomas engaged in professional practice, and was later a surgeon on a British vessel of war. He after-

ward returned to his native town and practiced medicine until the spring of 1824, when he retired from the practice of his profession. He assisted in the formation of the Medical Society of Cumberland County. He was elected President of the Medical Society of New Jersey in 1824. He died April 23, 1866, in the ninetieth year of his age. Dr. Ephriam Holmes, a descendant of the ancient family of that name, was born July 11, 1817. He was a man of unusual intelligence, and was long a successful practicing physician in Greenwich.

“Old Cohansey” has ever been noted for the longevity of its inhabitants. In the past forty years two have passed the century mark, a score have become nonagenarians, and an octogenarian is very common upon the streets.

CHAPTER XIII.

John Fenwick, who planted the first English Colony east of the Delaware river, was born A. D. 1618 at Stanton Hall. He was the second son of Sir William Fenwick, Baronet, who represented the County of Northumberland in the last Parliament under the Commonwealth (1659.)

In 1636 he was styled Knight and Baronet, and five years after that time he married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Walter Covert. This lady was mother of his children and from her came the direct and collateral branches in New Jersey. The family was of Saxon origin and formed a powerful clan in Northumberland.

"He afterwards married Mary Burdett a blood relation of his own, as they were cousins to Edward and Sir Frances Burdett. By this marriage there was no issue. She did not come to America and in his will, he makes no mention of his wife, who was living in London at the time it was executed.

"She appears to have had a separate estate which she used for her own comfort and convenience.

“The Tower of Fenwick at Widdington in Northumberland, shows its antiquity in its rude strength and scanty limits, similar to those built by the Saxon invaders during the fifth and sixth centuries. This was probably the first seat of the family, after their coming over, and whence it may be traced through many of the shires in England.

“John Fenwick having passed through his law studies at Grays Inn, London 1640, abandoned his profession for a season and accepted an appointment in the Parliamentary Army. His first commission read as follows:

“You are hereby ordered and required as Major under Colonel Thomas Barwis, in his regiment of cavalry which was raised in the county of Westmorland to assist the garrison of Carlisle, and to exercise the officers and soldiers under his command according to the discipline of war. And they are hereby required to yield obedience unto you as Major of said regiment, and all this you are authorized unto, until the pleasure of the Parliament or the Lord General be known. Given under my hand and seal at Bernard Castle, 27th of October 1648.

O. CROMWELL.

To John Fenwick, Major, These.”

“In the same year he was ordered by the Parliament, with horse and dragon to relieve Holy Island Castle in Durham.

It was besieged by the Royal troops and well nigh captured, when he appeared and de-

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feated the enemy. He was an active and efficient officer, having the confidence of the Parliament and the Protector.

After the trial and sentence of the King, he was detailed as commander of cavalry, in conjunction with the foot troops under Colonel Haeker, Colonel Hanks, and Lieut. Colonel Phayor to attend the execution of Charles I.

The order ran in this wise:

“These are therefore to will and require you to see the said sentence executed in the open streets before Whitehall, upon the morrow, being the thirtieth of this instant, month of January, between the hours of ten in the morning, and five in the afternoon of the same day, with full effect. And these are to require all officers and soldiers and others of the good people of this nation of England to be assisting unto you in this service.”

“Given under our hands and seals, &c.”

“The warrant was signed by all the members who sat as judges upon his trial, and the most of whom witnessed the carrying out of the sentence. In the discharge of this important and delicate duty, the most reliable officers and the best disciplined troops were selected which placed John Fenwick among the first of these in the army about London at that time.”

While he was with the army he became a convert to the opinions of George Fox. He adopted the principles and practices of Friends

and adhered to them until his death. At the time of the restoration John Fenwick suffered much for fully adopting the opinions and practices of George Fox. In 1666 he was taken from a meeting of Friends in Buckinghamshire and confined in the common jail.

"Like many others of his religious belief he published in pamphlet form several answers to others against their doctrines and manner of worship, none of which, however, have been preserved to the present. No denomination of Christians, perhaps at that day, put so much printed matter before the public in defence and vindication of their peculiar views as the Friends."

"March 18th 1673 John Lord Berkley conveyed to John Fenwick his undivided moiety of New Cæsarea, or New Jersey, for the sum of one thousand pounds sterling and a royalty of forty beaver skins annually. This grant had upon its surface the appearance of good faith, and that of a *bona fide* transaction, yet it was scarcely executed, before its intention was suspected and its validity endangered. Edward Ballynge, a friend and associate of the grantee, at once became an important and conspicuous personage in these transactions, to the exposure and defeat of plans well matured, and doubtless to his chagrin and discomfiture. He was born in 1628, a resident of Westminster, London, where he carried on the business of brewer. He served as an offi-

cer in the army of the Commonwealth, and while at Leith, in Scotland, was convinced of the correctness of the doctrines of George Fox, by his preaching. He published several pamphlets in behalf of Friends, between 1659 and 1665, all of which were printed in London. In 1684 with others, he was tried at Guildhall, London, for attending a meeting at White Hart Court and creating a riot. He was found guilty and fined four nobles, which he refused to pay, and in that default was sent to Newgate Prison for three weeks. He became involved in his financial affairs and to avoid the payment of his debts procured the above named conveyance to be made to John Fenwick, the funds being furnished by himself. The number of his creditors, and the amount of his debts lead to close inquiry in regard to his estate, and it was discovered, that he was interested in this transaction, designed to defraud them in their just demands. The position in which Fenwick and Byllinge found themselves was not an enviable one, and soon brought about a bitter controversy. These criminations were not only made between Byllinge and his creditors, but Fenwick and he quarreled as to the interest of each in the estate conveyed. Much notoriety was given to it, but all parties being Friends the contest was kept within control of the society and settled according to the rites of the same; John Fenwick was then a resident of Bynfield,

in Berkshire; a small town near Windsor Castle and about thirty miles from the city of London. It is possible he had returned to his profession and was the legal adviser of Byllinge in the disposition of his estate to avoid the payment of his debts. In this originated with John Fenwick the idea of planting a colony in America; of becoming the head of a great enterprise, and gratifying his ambition.”*

**Sketch of John Fenwick, by John Clement.*

CHAPTER XIV.

A half century has passed since my cousin and I began to play in the Old Mill stream. Although living in a distant town, I frequently go back to the old village, and sometimes stand on the bridge, and look at the stream. It is like the current of time with me, flowing on—singing the same melody it did in the long ago, and teaching the lesson of Tennyson's "Brook." "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever." "I join the brimming river."

As I stand on the bridge, I go back in the fields of memory, and I am a child again with my cousin, sailing our imaginary boats on its surface, or walking its pebbly bottom; sitting on its grassy banks in the sunshine; listening to the birds, as they twittered and sang in the willow boughs. There are beautiful willows still by the water course; offsprings of those magnificent trees, that overshadowed the grist-mill in primitive days. I look up the stream, and my mind takes me back, beyond my recollections, when the early settlers utilized the force of the waters to run the mills. I can see the bank where the fulling mill stood, and in imagination, I can hear the

clatter of those pestles and stampers as they finished the cloth, woven in the homes for the inhabitants of Old Cohansey. Then the thought comes to me how the flowing stream furnished food and clothing for the first settlers.

As I look in the same direction, I can see the bare hill top of Old Mount Gibbon. In the last decade the tall pines that crowned the summit, have fallen before the woodman's axe, and the hill is shorn of much of its natural beauty. I change my position, and I see the church building, whose society was formed about the year 1700. For 200 years, the congregations have gathered on the Sabbath day, for prayer and praise, in the three church buildings that have superseded one another. Between the church and bridge stands the store and arcade, the store that has supplied the needs of the people for many years; the arcade, a building of four apartments, that in the past has sheltered many of the shifting population of the village. It was built by Noah Flannigan. Hence the name, sometimes shortened and called the "Ark."

Just across the street stands "God's Acre," where reposes the dust of many of the early settlers of South Jersey.

"Lying so silent by night and by day."

From the bridge the tablet of Maskell Ewing can be plainly seen through the pal-

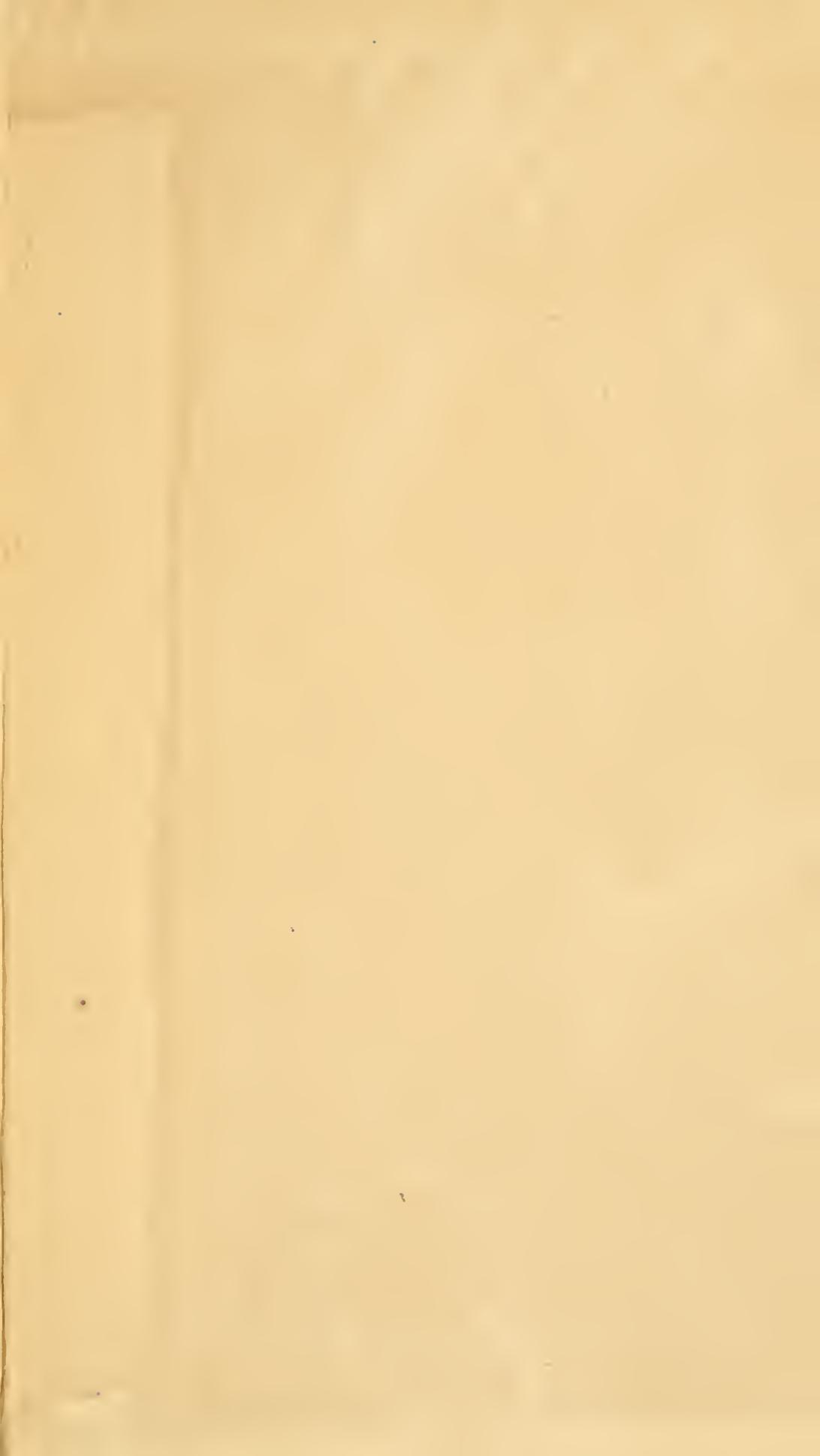
ings of the new iron fence, that the present inhabitants have recently placed around the old historic ground. It is one of the oldest cemeteries of South Jersey. If you enter the grounds you will find sixteen large tablets, most of them erected over one hundred years ago, some much longer. Near the entrance two low tablets mark the resting places of Leonard and Rebekah Gibbon. They were interred at the Episcopal Church ground in the lower part of the village, but afterward removed to the Presbyterian Cemetery. They are crumbling slowly as the years go by. A short distance farther south two standing stones mark the resting place of Joel Fithian and wife. He was a Captain in the Revolutionary War. He also was one of the disguised Indians who burned the tea near the village landing. His stone bears this inscription, "Sacred to the memory of Joel Fithian, who departed this life Nov. 9, 1821, in the 71st year of his age. He was a soldier in the Revolution, and served his country in many important offices, and the church of Greenwich as a ruling elder, with zeal and fidelity. Reader, imitate his virtues, that your end may like his be peaceful." I recently held in my hand the very hymn book that Captain Joel Fithian used when he was elder of the church. It is in good condition and upon the cover is printed his name in large letters.

There are large tablets erected to the memory

of Thomas Maskell and wife. Upon many of the blackened standing stones, you will find the names of the first settlers—such as Holmes, Bacon, Brown and Dennis. There are countless numbers of those old "heroes," where the grass blade creeps, and the wild floweret is the only decoration. Were they not heroes? When the sword of persecution was unsheathed in the Mother Country for religious opinion, did they not brave the fierce Atlantic gales, come to these shores, cut down the forest in the very face of the Indians, and prepared for us the broad fertile fields of Old Cohansey. "The fruit of their labors is our inheritance," and should we not cherish and protect and beautify these old cemeteries?

Two centuries have passed away, and no stone marks the place where John Fenwick was buried. It is said "no man knoweth the place of his sepulchre." He requested in his will that his remains be interred at Fenwick Grove. For some reason this was not complied with, as he was buried in Sharp's burying ground—long since abandoned for that use, and now nearly lost sight of. It is located near the present Alms House property of Salem County. If the ground could be designated, it would be a grateful deed for his descendants and citizens of Salem and Cumberland Counties to erect a monument to his memory.

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